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advanced age of 111; the body has now been thirty years in this mansion of death; and although there is scarcely a remnant of the coffin, the body is as completely preserved as if it had been embalmed, with the exception of the hair. In the same vault are to be seen the bodies of two Roman Catholic clergymen, which have been fifty years deposited here, even more perfect than the nun. In general, it was evident, that the old were much better preserved than the young. A convincing proof of this was afforded in the instance of a lady who died in child-birth, and was laid in those vaults *with her infant in her arms*. Not long after, the infant putrefied and dropt away, while the mother became like the other melancholy partners of this gloomy habitation. In the year 1798, two brothers, of the name of Sheers, were executed the same day for high treason, and after suffering decapitation were laid together in these vaults; and, as a demonstration that this antiseptic power is to be attributed to the atmosphere peculiar to those regions, the bodies being just thrown at the entrance of the vaults, were exposed, in a great degree, to the influence of the external atmosphere, in consequence of which they shortly after totally decayed."

THE RESCUE.

A SKETCH TAKEN FROM IRISH LIFE.

At the foot of one of the large mountains bordering on the wildest part of the county of Tipperary, rises a rugged, narrow road; it is seldom used except by foot passengers, and in several parts is completely covered overhead by a wild growth of hawthorn trees and bramble. After many a turn and winding, during which, by means of rude stepping stones, it crosses more than one brawling mountain-stream, it seems to lose itself in a deep valley, thickly studded with the wild ash, and tall mountain pine. As you pass along, a few wretched huts, occupied by the very poorest class of peasantry, give some signs of habitation; but there the lowing of oxen, or the tingling of the sheep-bell, is seldom heard; as a "slip iv a pig, an' a small taste ov a pratie-garden," generally constitute their sole possessions.

On a calm and starry night in the month of January, 18—, a solitary traveller paced slowly along this path, oftentimes stopping as if to gaze on some well remembered spot, and as often looking intently on the glittering planets, as if his spirit sought to commune with their inhabitants. It was, indeed, a lovely night! and its silver queen sailed along in bright and unclouded majesty, lighting up the wild mountain and the deep valley with a clear and beautiful radiance. The air was cold, but merely added fresh vigour to the nerves; and every blade of grass, with its fairy pinnacles of hoar frost, glittered with a silvery and diamond brilliancy. Oh! 'tis in such a scene as this, and not in the bustle and turmoil of cities, that man feels and knows the power and omnipotence of his gracious Creator! that his very soul bows itself down to worship, untrammelled by thoughts of worldliness—having solitude for its temple.

The traveller seemed about twenty years of age, and his pale, thoughtful cast of feature, and meditative eye, told of a studious life; his dress was black, plain and undorned, having something nearly priestly in its unstudied arrangement; and the slight hectic of his cheek, with his thin form, bore the melancholy impress of consumption. He advanced slowly towards the deep valley we have before mentioned, evidently with the pace of one who was not there for the first time; and every stunted tree and bramble-bush seemed to be replete with childish remembrances. As he came suddenly in one of the turnings of the narrow path to the edge of a small stream, of whose propinquity, in consequence of its bubblings, he had been for some time aware, he perceived two wild looking figures sitting composedly on its opposite bank, at the very place where he should land from the last stepping-stone. They were both rather low sized, but very muscular, and were clad in the white frize jacket generally worn, while two caps of fur, evidently of their own rude manufacture, were pulled deeply over their brows, and nearly concealed their features. Though his approach must have been perceived, they did not move a limb; and as he stepped

from one stone to another, till he stood upon the last one the silence continued perfectly unbroken. At length the youth gave them the general salutation of—

"God save you, boys."

To which they both answered, "God save you kindly, *agragal*," without moving an inch.

"Would you be pleased to move a little aside, and allow me to pass?" again he asked.

"An' might a dacint boy ax for what id you be wantin' to pass here, athout offendin'?" was the reply.

"A gleam of indignation at being thus questioned, for a moment lit up his proud dark eye, but then seeing the folly of anger, he subdued his rising choler and answered, "My business has nothing to do with you or yours, but by what right do you thus question me?"

"Maybe we have a right, an maybe we haven't," was the ready answer; "bud, anyhow, divil recave the fut you'll pass till we know ycr business, seein' as how you might be an informer, or a gager, comin' still huntin', though to spake thruth, you havn't mooch the cut iv aither."

"Well then," said the youth smiling involuntarily at the rude compliment, "I have travelled many a weary day, and many a weary night, to look once more on the home where I was born, and yonder valley is the spot."

Here a hasty consultation seemed to take place between the two, and they suddenly interrupted, "an' what was the name the priest (bless his rev'rence!) gev you when he threw his hand across you?"

"Patrick Delany," he answered.

Then, as if frantic, they both bounded up, and with a hurroo that was reverberated with many a wild echo, flung their caps and sticks into the air, shouting, "its himself, the darlin', that didn't forget the cabin where he was rare, and left the grand college, an' all, to cum an' see his ould home. Delany for iver! hurroo!"

The youth by this time had sprung lightly upon the bank, and stood viewing their wild gestures with a considerable degree of astonishment, which was increased by the taller and more robust of the exulting pair suddenly pouncing on him, as if he were a child, raising him *volens volens* from the ground, and dashing off, accompanied by his comrade, with a deer-like speed towards the entrance of the valley.

Their haste, notwithstanding the burthen one of them bore, never in the slightest degree abated till they arrived at the entrance of a low hut or *sheeling*, built in the rudest and most careless manner, seeming, in fact, dug out of the mossy and ivy clad bank that bent nearly over it; with one dash of the leader's foot the door flew open, and he bounded in, still bearing his breathless and astonished burthen. The figure of a man slightly stricken in years then advanced from an inner or sleeping apartment, and as the wood fire suddenly lighted up the entire group, he and the panting youth stood for some moments gazing at each other without the power of utterance; at length, the younger ejaculating, "Gracious Heaven, my father!" bounded forward, and hung upon his neck. The mutual embrace was passionate and fervid; and the father's broken ejaculations of "God bless and presave my boy, that didn't forget the ould home! Oh! I wake-wid the joy ov seein' you! I could cry like a child &c.," were affecting in the extreme. It was altogether a most extraordinary and impressive scene; and the red glare of the fire gave it a peculiarly wild appearance. The father and son folded in each others arms—one clad in the very rudest garments of the Irish peasantry—the other with such a fine *distingue* figure—and the two followers looking on with joy in their rugged features, the twitching of their limbs showing with what difficulty they restrained themselves from leaping and dancing about.

It was then about six or seven years since young Delany, having shown a decided taste for learning, and gone through the usual hardships of "a poor scholar," had departed for the university, where he procured entrance as "a sizar." When he left home his father was a comfortable farmer, but having joined one of the lawless parties then forming all through Ireland, and having been informed on, was taken, underwent a summary trial, and was sentenced to transportation. The moment his son

heard of it, he came home, but too late, as the ship had sailed; and again he returned to his solitary rooms, his high spirit completely broken by the ignominy and exposure attached to his name. Day by day he altered, and consumption at length decidedly showed itself; he then was recommended to try his native air, and was struck with astonishment at meeting with his father.

The wood fire was replenished—the two peasants had withdrawn—and young Delany sat on a low stool opposite his father, who occupied the common cottage seat, a straw bass. On the countenance of the latter there was an expression that told of wrongs endured, and deep suffering, but now 'twas almost all lost in the smile of joy that sat like sunlight on his rugged features, while a deeper spot of crimson rested in the centre of his son's pallid cheek, and almost gave him the appearance of health. "But tell me," said he, "how is it that I am so blessed as to find you here, when I thought myself almost alone in the world, and that you were thousands of miles away."

"It's a long story," he began, "an' there's grief in the tellin'; fur who wouldn't grieve to be obleged to leave their home, an' their country, an' their green fields—to lave them in chains, athout biddin' farewell to the child ov their heart, an' to know that the informer, an' the murderin' *Sassenagh*, were burnin' and destroyin' all that they had. Oh! Patrick, *avick ma chree!* iv you knew the threathment I had to bear—if you knew the sorrow an' the sufferin' your poor ould father wint through, the very heart id bleed within you. Aftther endhurin' nearly all, I escaped, an' cum to my home, bud found it deserted, and this little home standin' where I once had pace, an' happiness, an' joy."

"And where you again will find comfort," interrupted the listener, "in the society of your son, who *now* will never leave you."

"Never lave me, *agra*, will you folly me to seek another country, an' another home; will you folly a brandid outlaw, wid a mark upon his head, an' a price upon his blood?"

"Father, what means this—what *can it mean?* sure even if they know of your return they will not now pursue you."

The whole expression of the old man's face became changed as he answered, and its absolutely frightful look of ferocity, had an appalling contrast with the pale anxious *spirituel* features of his son.

"Yis! yis! I am doubly outlawed now. Do you think I could endure such wrongs, and endure them patiently? Oh, no! oh, no! sailin' upon the broad saes, an' walkin' undher the burnin' sun, my dhrame day and night was a dhrame of revenge. I thought ov Bartle Daly livin' in my place, an' riotin' on my flure, wid my blood money, while I was wandherin' about, and abused as a rebel through the world. I met some ould followers ov ours, an' last night we burned his house, an' wheat, an' all. Not a blow was struck till I called out my name, an' ordered Bartle Daly to cum forth; he sprung on me like a tiger, an' thought to throttle me wid his hands, but this (here he drew out a large clasp knife, while a palsied shudder passed through his son's frame) drank his heart's blood. I sint for you, an' thought of hidin' here till you would cum, thin to fly to any distant place, as the blood-hounds will soon be on my thrack."

"Oh, father!" young Delany had just commenced, the tremor of his voice telling his anguish at the recital he had just heard, when the door burst open, and one of the followers who had recently quitted them, rushed in, gasping with haste, and father and son, with one impulse, darted from the *sheeling*, as he cried "away, Delany, away, the soldiers are on the mountain wid Bartle's son leading thim on."

Patrick followed his father into the depths of the valley, who fled as rapidly as if he had the spring of youth in his veins, when suddenly they were both seized by the nervous grasp of two men who rushed from a thick hedge nearly opposite their path. His father attempted to make some resistance, but was soon overpowered, as three or four more advanced on him from the same cover, and he felt a rush of the heart's sickness in his bosom's depth, as his fancy, with lightning-like speed, glanced over the ignominy his son, although innocent, might have to

endure. Another soldier soon advanced to the assistance of his comrades, and binding the hands of both, they proceeded slowly and cautiously along, two of the party guarding the younger, who was a little in advance, and the others, about ten in number, and well armed, remaining round the father. When they arrived at the brook, where we first introduced the two followers to our reader, a slight embarrassment took place, and one of the party crossed singly, for the purpose of reconnoitering. Having reported that all was silent on the opposite bank, he again joined his comrades, and young Delany, with his two guards, was ordered to cross first. They landed without interruption, and had proceeded a little forward, when, as if by magic, two figures sprung from a bunch of bramble at their side, and a single blow from each, levelled the two guards. Then Delany was caught up in the same vigorous arms that had borne him before, and carried rapidly down the course of the brook, the trampling of his conductors' feet alone breaking the silence observed by one through surprise, and by the other through caution. The whole transaction, which did not occupy an instant, was seen by the hinder party, and in the same moment several carbines sent their bullets whizzing through the air in the direction which they fled, while three or four of the soldiers rapidly crossed the stream to give chase. They ran down for some distance, and then stopped to listen, and heard the crackling of the bramble bushes on the opposite side to which they were. Conceiving that the pursued had again re-crossed the stream, they dashed, without delay, into the water, but having beat about for nearly an hour without discovering any trace, they again joined their comrades. Then all, with their remaining prisoner, slowly and watchfully marched along the rugged mountain path. Their caution was needless, as they met with no farther interruption.

Patrick's athletic bearer never lagged in speed till, after passing many a deep and soft morass, and dashing through many a bramble hedge, they arrived at the centre of the mountain. Then letting down his rescued charge, he drew a long breath, and flinging his blackthorn in the air he caught it in its fall, gave it a twirl, though not a menacing one, round the youth's head, and shouted "oh, the darlin' *shillelagh*, that laid thim pair of spalpeens nate an' clane on their backs, athout sayin' by yer lave, or givin' thim any thing to break their fall. Bud cum, *ma bouchal*, we'd better be movin'; Dinis 'ill be afther us, as I just sint him to mislade thim a bit, the set iv *omedhauns*." Then leading the way up the mountain, he was passively followed by Patrick, who hardly spoke, save in monosyllables, so bewildered was he by the night's events, and so anguished by the capture of his father. His guide seeing him not disposed to be talkative, strode on, occasionally chaunting with stentorian lungs—

"Hurroo fur the sweet shillelagh oh!

That laid the bloody peelers low:

Hurroo, hurroo," &c. &c. till the rocks about them rang with a hundred echoes.

The next evening, about dusk, a party consisting of four mounted dragoons, passed along the high road, towards Limerick, with a prisoner, strongly bound, walking in their centre. It was the elder Delany whom they were leading to jail, having left their comrades behind to try and recapture his son. They advanced but slowly in consequence of the weakness of their captive, whose not being mounted, was merely urged by the cruel caprice of the officer commanding the detachment. It was almost dusk, and they were yet many miles from their destination, and they loudly murmured against their absent captain for not allowing the prisoner a horse. As they entered a part of the road over which the trees seemed actually to meet, they closed nearer to each other, and seemed to have a foreboding that all was not right—when on a sudden their horses bounded from the earth as if startled by a thunder clap, and their riders felt their hearts sink within them at a wild shout, which seemed to proceed from a hundred throats. They stopped and hesitated what course to pursue, when each trooper felt himself firmly grasped from behind by a pair of brawny arms, whose owners had dropped from the trees overhead, directly behind them, and at the same moment others bounding over the hedge, seized their horses' heads, and

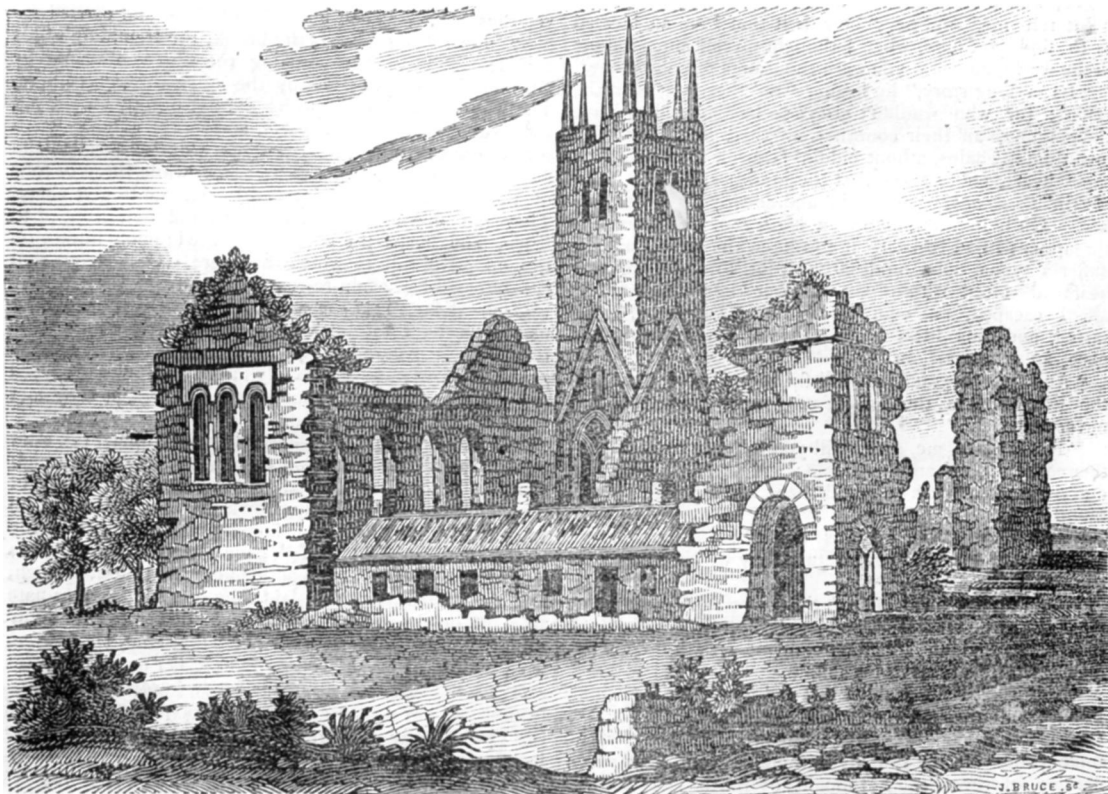
with wonderful celerity deprived them of their arms. Another pause, and young Delany, who had led the rescue, was in the arms of his father, who was free and unbound, while his companions were busily engaged in binding the troopers.

The arms of the four being tied behind their backs, Patrick gave orders that they should be allowed to depart unhurt, but that they should retrace their steps on the road which they had just passed, as they were then near where assistance might easily be procured. They turned their horses round, and were just setting off, when the last, an ill-looking villain, by a sudden wrench, freed one of his arms, and drawing a pistol, which had been overlooked in the search, from his bosom, shouted, "for one of the re-

bel's hearts," and pulling the trigger, spurred his horse, and with his companions darted off with the speed of light. Young Delany flung his arms wildly upwards, hiccapped violently, and with one low groan fell lifeless into his father's arms.

* * * * *

Many years rolled over, and the events we have narrated were almost forgotten, when one stormy night an aged man, with thin white hair and furrowed brow, was observed entering the burial ground of ——. In the morning he was found cold, stiff, and lifeless, lying across an humble grave, whose rude head-stone bore the name of "Patrick Delany"—it was the young man's father.



JERPOINT ABBEY.

This religious house was originally founded by Donough O'Donoghoe, king or prince of Ossory, in the year 1180, for Cistercian Monks. The ruins are situated on the river Nore, about two miles from Thomastown, and are very extensive, occupying nearly three acres of ground. The church was a cruciform structure, and consisted of a nave, the roof of which was supported by a range of six pointed arches, with a corresponding number of massy columns. Above and between these pointed arches, are the remains of six clerestory windows, narrow and rather rounded at their tops. The western or great window of the nave, consists of three distinct arches, separated from each other by a single mullion, with rounded tops also. The steeple, which is over the cross of the transept, derives its support from four massy square pillars, and the arches which spring from them. The two arches of the transepts, and that belonging to the nave, are of the pointed form: the arch which leads to the choir or chancel is circular.

This singular deviation in point of form between them, makes it very probable that the choir was the work of a different period; although the eastern or altar window, which is now built up to a smaller dimension, is also of the pointed form. Such an anomaly in the character of its architecture, can only be accounted for, by the supposition that it was built about the period when these styles—the circular and the pointed—were undergoing that change which occasioned the one to supersede the other. The roof of the choir is a circular arch of stone,

quite perfect, and in the chancel, sculptured in rude, though bold relief, opposite to the grand altar of the south cross-aisle, stand the remains of a tomb, upon which repose a male and a female figure, habited in the costume of the twelfth or thirteenth century. This monument is said to have been erected for Donough, king of Ossory, founder of the abbey, who died, and was here interred, in the year 1185. The male figure holds in the right hand, which reposes on his breast, the fragment of a crucifix. The left hand is directed towards a small harp, that hangs from his left side. The base of the monument is cut into compartments, in which are seen various images of the apostles. Two crowned figures appear at the foot of the monument, standing beside a kneeling angel, whose hands are uplifted, in the act of fervent prayer. Most of the figures wear long beards, and appear to be singing or laughing.

On a tomb of black marble lies the full length statue of an abbot, in his proper habit. In the left hand he holds a crosier, the volute of which contains an Agnus Dei, well sculptured. The right arm is uplifted, and the two first fingers and thumb are raised, as if in the act of swearing an oath of fidelity, or of some very serious kind, in the manner that is to this day practised on parts of the continent. A serpent, or monster, gnaws at the lower end of the crosier. The head of the statue reposes upon a pillow of much elegance. The inscription is illegible.

A second ancient monument of a religious person and